

1403 East Main. 1403 East Main.

It is Not What We Say

that makes this REBUILDING SALE a good place to buy your CLOTHING—IT IS WHAT THE PEOPLE FIND HERE. The evidence is here as plainly for you as for us. We quote unheard-of prices for

FINE READY-MADE CLOTHING

And Back Them Up With Facts.
OUR STOCK IS AS LARGE AND WELL
SELECTED AS ANY IN THE CITY.

We quote prices that are bound to command your attention:

\$2.15 for a Man's Suit, slightly and a good wearer.	\$4.65 for a Man's Suit, Fancy Worsted. In these goods we have an endless number of patterns.
\$2.50 for a Man's Suit—ten styles. These Suits are easily worth double.	\$5.25 for a Man's Suit, Light-Gray Serges, Dark-Gray Serges, guaranteed Fast-Blue.
\$2.95 for a Man's Suit, Blue and White, square cut. This is a hummer.	\$5.25 for a Man's Suit, Blue and White, round or square.
\$2.65 for a Man's Suit, all wool, greenish mixture.	\$5.25 for a Man's Suit, Black and White, round or square.
\$3.75 for a Man's Suit, all wool, striped, Cassimere—very neat.	We have one of the handomest lines of Young Men's Suits, which we are going to put in this sale for \$7.50 up, that cannot be duplicated anywhere in Richmond for twice the money.

You All Want Pants, So Here They Go.

70c. for Men's Pants, all sizes, splendid for work.	We have 5,000 pairs of Pants that go in this sale, and you can get them from 70c. up to the latest that's made. We want the most manly, the best manly, the best manly to come. We can fit them in Suits or Pants.
\$1.00 for Men's Pants, all sizes, splendid for work.	Boys' Long-Pants Suits that must go in at the same low prices.
\$1.25 for Men's Pin-Checks, Shepherd Plaid, Dark Mixtures. These are beautiful goods, and worth double.	Boys' Knee-Pants Suits from 95c. up. Any number of styles at almost any price.
\$1.35 for Men's Pants, These are Blue and Steel-Gray Mixtures, Worsted. These are	

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS, MEN'S HATS,

all will have to be got rid of, and if price will do it they will take wings and fly.

Remember, this is an imperative sale, as we have to get out.

DON'T MISS THIS SALE.

We have made a big impression upon the public, judging from the crowds that daily attend this great sale, and we intend making a bigger one if facts and prices will do it.

HARRY MARKS,

1403 EAST MAIN STREET,

People Are Talking About

And Showing Each Other

THE

Grand Values We Are Selling.

Not a store in town can sell goods like we do now, and, as a matter of fact, you cannot expect them to do so.

We await a tenant to take the store off our hands.

AN ITEM HERE AND THERE.

You must come and look around to do yourself justice.

1,000 dozen Corsets, that you have at ways paid \$6, for, at \$5, (every size).

Any W. E. C. B. J. or R. & G. Corset in the house at 75c. each.

Handsome quality Pearl Buttons, have been 25c. dozen, at 10c. dozen.

All the Mosquito Netting at 25c. yard.

50c. Snowy White Marcelline Plique at 25c. yard (60 inches wide).

Men's Percelle, Laundered Shirts, with separate cuffs, all sizes, 50c.

Men's slightly dust-soiled, Laundered Shirts, were 75c. and \$1. at 50c.

Full prices, best quality, Black Velvet, Slight Binding, 60c. each.

1 Umbrella, ladies' and men's handles, \$1.50 for \$2.00.

Men's \$1.50 Umbrellas, ladies' handles, \$1.00 for \$1.50.

Men's \$1.50 Umbrellas, ladies' handles, \$1.00 for \$1.50.

Men's \$1.50 Umbrellas, ladies' handles, \$1.00 for \$1.50.

Men's \$1.50 Umbrellas, ladies' handles, \$1.00 for \$1.50.

Men's \$1.50 Umbrellas, ladies' handles, \$1.00 for \$1.50.

Men's \$1.50 Umbrellas, ladies' handles, \$1.00 for \$1.50.

Men's \$1.50 Umbrellas, ladies' handles, \$1.00 for \$1.50.

Men's \$1.50 Umbrellas, ladies' handles, \$1.00 for \$1.50.

Men's \$1.50 Umbrellas, ladies' handles, \$1.00 for \$1.50.

Men's \$1.50 Umbrellas, ladies' handles, \$1.00 for \$1.50.

Men's \$1.50 Umbrellas, ladies' handles, \$1.00 for \$1.50.

Men's \$1.50 Umbrellas, ladies' handles, \$1.00 for \$1.50.

Men's \$1.50 Umbrellas, ladies' handles, \$1.00 for \$1.50.

Men's \$1.50 Umbrellas, ladies' handles, \$1.00 for \$1.50.

Men's \$1.50 Umbrellas, ladies' handles, \$1.00 for \$1.50.

Men's \$1.50 Umbrellas, ladies' handles, \$1.00 for \$1.50.

Men's \$1.50 Umbrellas, ladies' handles, \$1.00 for \$1.50.

Men's \$1.50 Umbrellas, ladies' handles, \$1.00 for \$1.50.

Men's \$1.50 Umbrellas, ladies' handles, \$1.00 for \$1.50.

Men's \$1.50 Umbrellas, ladies' handles, \$1.00 for \$1.50.

Men's \$1.50 Umbrellas, ladies' handles, \$1.00 for \$1.50.

Men's \$1.50 Umbrellas, ladies' handles, \$1.00 for \$1.50.

Men's \$1.50 Umbrellas, ladies' handles, \$1.00 for \$1.50.

Men's \$1.50 Umbrellas, ladies' handles, \$1.00 for \$1.50.

Men's \$1.50 Umbrellas, ladies' handles, \$1.00 for \$1.50.

GARDENS AND GIRLS.

VIEWS THEREON OF OUR APTON CORRESPONDENT.

THEY MISSED THEIR CHANCES.

The Old English and the Old Virginia Gardens—Their Arrangements and Flowers—Where Women Reigned—The Apple Crop.

(Correspondence of the Dispatch.)

APTON, VA., May 18.—The tenor of a letter I have before me reads thusly: "I wish you would tell me how to design my garden. It is about 100 feet square. I want everything in rows with a grape arbor in the middle or cross it in squares."

My friend, I belong to that happy class who "tell not, neither do they spin." I could not possibly tell you how to make your garden. I never made but one garden, and my first vegetables came in as we were gathering winter apples, and seriously inconvenienced the whole household. But I have theorized in rows, squares, circles, and diamonds upon this fascinating subject, and am quite Oriental in my love of a garden.

The ancient heathens, as you know, worshipped gardens, and in diverse ways. I am like unto them. I believe the controlling idea of earliest art was to beautify the earth, and that the infant races drew their first color study from the ripening fruits and opening flowers.

In these Nature works out her widest color scheme. The decks not only the bluest within her tinted range even the humblest garden vegetable. From the earliest tapering white of a spring radish to the red of beets, and the gold of the golden squash; through all the shades of green of lettuce leaves to the deep, deep purple of an egg-plant, the colors spread upon the homely palette of a kitchen garden in an epicurean feast, even for the eye.

In eastern imagination the entire world was conceived as a garden.

Since the weedy grounds of Eden—the first garden of record, and the earliest—the ornamental lands of the earth's inhabitants were co-extensive with their earth. Mountains and valleys, wooded plains, and winding rivers were but the modern park on a grander scale, and the real time when we are not hunting the festive cutworm from the bean patch—that all Syria glittered in the sun with sparkling cities, dotting its warm plains like the white dwellings scattered over the hills of Southern France. That it was a great garden, in which cities were the flowers and mountain ranges the retreats, where the valley of Rasselas and the vale of Cashmere would be but sunny spots of growing roses.

I am afraid the garden I love to think about—the kind of garden, in a spirit world, I shall try to cultivate, when I have no longer to harvest the vulgar Jimson weed, nor endure those other garden evils brought upon us since Adam was so careless of consequences in his original land grant.

MISS IT.

Those ancient gardeners were fine landscape artists. In the "wanted, situations," column of the Dispatch they would have chanced upon a good place right away.

Another fairy-like garden I have read about was the desert garden in which the royal ladies of Persia and Egypt delighted. Surrounded by burning sands, they yet contrived, by artificial means, to create the water of some spring in an oasis, and cultivate beautiful shrubs and flowers and tender grass, sprinkling the air continually with fountains that laughed and played in the sun.

In Babylon, a crowded city built on a flat plain, the queens had their gardens hanging in the air, the fame of whose richness and race of foliage has come down to this degenerate day of green-crowned ladies and garden vaudeville.

The rich Orientals had terraced gardens on land and floating gardens on the lakes.

The Romans and Greeks delighted in gardens, and in gay Pompeii, beyond the white and the red chamber of graceful porticoes, across hall and parlor, and, perhaps, picture-rooms, all was open and cheery into the garden. As if that, with its vines on pedestals, its statues, and fountains, were not enough, the very garden walls were painted in perspective of flowers, temples, and trees, and every art employed to carry out, with greater effect the beauty nature suggested.

During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and even later, the greatest attention was given to horticulture. Fanciful devices were in great request. Bronze boys, with silver eyes, and wrapped in graying garlands, long-limbed, but I will admit to say they retain something of the quaint old shapes so dear to our grandmothers. Also, the revival of the modest "sun-bonnet" seems to indicate that the city council will pay more regard to her complexion, not to say to her dignity, and not go around hatless in the sun, as she often did last summer.

However, with big box, little box, hand-box, and bonnet, the summer maids and theirons will see new bonnets with the work it has been of delightful out of doors as the middle of June could have made it, and this means the early coming up of summer boarders.

The signs are that the summer resort of Apton will be ready, and a good season is ahead.

We are very much exercised about the apple crop, which earlier in the spring promised so well. It is apprehended that there will be at best only half a crop, due below the nodding fruit an insect is cutting the twig and killing the fruit. It affects mostly the pippin apples, is less dangerous to winneps, and does not affect the winneps.

Miss Mamie Tupper, of Richmond, is visiting her sister, Mrs. H. K. Hawthorn. Rev. J. H. Robinson, of Apton post-office, is quite sick.

The season is extremely favorable to tobacco-plants.

SUCIDE IN ROCKBRIDGE.

DAVID B. BROWN, a Prosperous Farmer, Shoots Himself.

LEXINGTON, VA., May 20.—(Special.)—David B. Brown, aged 55 years, and one of the most prosperous and well-to-do farmers of near Fairfield, Rockbridge county, committed suicide this morning by shooting himself through the head.

His wife, who is slightly deaf, was getting breakfast, and his son feeding the stock, when he committed the deed. He was called to breakfast, and not responding, his wife went after him in his room, lying in a pool of blood, with a hole in the center of his forehead and his pistol near his side. He had been complaining for several days, and it is thought he had carefully planned the time for the suicide.

There is not the slightest doubt that the doctors do more harm than good in treating Contagious Blood Poison; many victims of this loathsome disease would be much better off to-day if they had never allowed themselves to be dosed on mercury and potash, the only remedies which the doctors ever give for blood poison.

The doctors are wholly unable to get rid of this vile poison, and only attempt to heal up the outward appearance of the disease—the sores and eruptions. They endeavor to keep it shut in with their constant doses of potash and mercury. The mouth and throat and other delicate parts then break out into sores, and the fight is continued indefinitely, the drugs doing the system more damage than the disease itself.

Mr. H. L. Myers, 100 Mulberry St., Newark, N. J., says: "I had spent a hundred dollars with the doctors, when I realized that they could do me no good. I had large spots all over my body, and these soon broke out into running sores, and I endured all the suffering which this vile disease produces. I decided to try S. S. S. as a last resort, and was soon greatly improved. I followed closely your 'Directions for Self-Treatment,' and the large blotches on my chest began to grow paler and smaller, and before long disappeared entirely. I was soon cured perfectly and my skin has been as clear as glass ever since. I cured myself at home after the doctors had failed completely."

It is valuable time thrown away to expect the doctors to cure Contagious Blood Poison, for the disease is beyond their skill. Swift Specific—

S. S. S. FOR THE BLOOD

—acts in an entirely different way from potash and mercury—it forces the poison out of the system and gets rid of it entirely. Here it cures the disease, while other remedies only shut the poison in where it lurks forever, constantly undermining the constitution. Our system of private home treatment places a cure within the reach of all. We give all necessary medical advice, free of charge, and save the patient the embarrassment of publicity. Write for full information to Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

There is not the slightest doubt that the doctors do more harm than good in treating Contagious Blood Poison; many victims of this loathsome disease would be much better off to-day if they had never allowed themselves to be dosed on mercury and potash, the only remedies which the doctors ever give for blood poison.

The doctors are wholly unable to get rid of this vile poison, and only attempt to heal up the outward appearance of the disease—the sores and eruptions. They endeavor to keep it shut in with their constant doses of potash and mercury. The mouth and throat and other delicate parts then break out into sores, and the fight is continued indefinitely, the drugs doing the system more damage than the disease itself.

Mr. H. L. Myers, 100 Mulberry St., Newark, N. J., says: "I had spent a hundred dollars with the doctors, when I realized that they could do me no good. I had large spots all over my body, and these soon broke out into running sores, and I endured all the suffering which this vile disease produces. I decided to try S. S. S. as a last resort, and was soon greatly improved. I followed closely your 'Directions for Self-Treatment,' and the large blotches on my chest began to grow paler and smaller, and before long disappeared entirely. I was soon cured perfectly and my skin has been as clear as glass ever since. I cured myself at home after the doctors had failed completely."

It is valuable time thrown away to expect the doctors to cure Contagious Blood Poison, for the disease is beyond their skill. Swift Specific—

ONE CURE FOR BLOOD POISON.

Beware of the Doctors' Patchwork; You Can Cure Yourself at Home.

There is not the slightest doubt that the doctors do more harm than good in treating Contagious Blood Poison; many victims of this loathsome disease would be much better off to-day if they had never allowed themselves to be dosed on mercury and potash, the only remedies which the doctors ever give for blood poison.

The doctors are wholly unable to get rid of this vile poison, and only attempt to heal up the outward appearance of the disease—the sores and eruptions. They endeavor to keep it shut in with their constant doses of potash and mercury. The mouth and throat and other delicate parts then break out into sores, and the fight is continued indefinitely, the drugs doing the system more damage than the disease itself.

Mr. H. L. Myers, 100 Mulberry St., Newark, N. J., says: "I had spent a hundred dollars with the doctors, when I realized that they could do me no good. I had large spots all over my body, and these soon broke out into running sores, and I endured all the suffering which this vile disease produces. I decided to try S. S. S. as a last resort, and was soon greatly improved. I followed closely your 'Directions for Self-Treatment,' and the large blotches on my chest began to grow paler and smaller, and before long disappeared entirely. I was soon cured perfectly and my skin has been as clear as glass ever since. I cured myself at home after the doctors had failed completely."

It is valuable time thrown away to expect the doctors to cure Contagious Blood Poison, for the disease is beyond their skill. Swift Specific—

ONE CURE FOR BLOOD POISON.

Beware of the Doctors' Patchwork; You Can Cure Yourself at Home.

There is not the slightest doubt that the doctors do more harm than good in treating Contagious Blood Poison; many victims of this loathsome disease would be much better off to-day if they had never allowed themselves to be dosed on mercury and potash, the only remedies which the doctors ever give for blood poison.

The doctors are wholly unable to get rid of this vile poison, and only attempt to heal up the outward appearance of the disease—the sores and eruptions. They endeavor to keep it shut in with their constant doses of potash and mercury. The mouth and throat and other delicate parts then break out into sores, and the fight is continued indefinitely, the drugs doing the system more damage than the disease itself.

Mr. H. L. Myers, 100 Mulberry St., Newark, N. J., says: "I had spent a hundred dollars with the doctors, when I realized that they could do me no good. I had large spots all over my body, and these soon broke out into running sores, and I endured all the suffering which this vile disease produces. I decided to try S. S. S. as a last resort, and was soon greatly improved. I followed closely your 'Directions for Self-Treatment,' and the large blotches on my chest began to grow paler and smaller, and before long disappeared entirely. I was soon cured perfectly and my skin has been as clear as glass ever since. I cured myself at home after the doctors had failed completely."

It is valuable time thrown away to expect the doctors to cure Contagious Blood Poison, for the disease is beyond their skill. Swift Specific—

ONE CURE FOR BLOOD POISON.

Beware of the Doctors' Patchwork; You Can Cure Yourself at Home.

There is not the slightest doubt that the doctors do more harm than good in treating Contagious Blood Poison; many victims of this loathsome disease would be much better off to-day if they had never allowed themselves to be dosed on mercury and potash, the only remedies which the doctors ever give for blood poison.

The doctors are wholly unable to get rid of this vile poison, and only attempt to heal up the outward appearance of the disease—the sores and eruptions. They endeavor to keep it shut in with their constant doses of potash and mercury. The mouth and throat and other delicate parts then break out into sores, and the fight is continued indefinitely, the drugs doing the system more damage than the disease itself.

Mr. H. L. Myers, 100 Mulberry St., Newark, N. J., says: "I had spent a hundred dollars with the doctors, when I realized that they could do me no good. I had large spots all over my body, and these soon broke out into running sores, and I endured all the suffering which this vile disease produces. I decided to try S. S. S. as a last resort, and was soon greatly improved. I followed closely your 'Directions for Self-Treatment,' and the large blotches on my chest began to grow paler and smaller, and before long disappeared entirely. I was soon cured perfectly and my skin has been as clear as glass ever since. I cured myself at home after the doctors had failed completely."

It is valuable time thrown away to expect the doctors to cure Contagious Blood Poison, for the disease is beyond their skill. Swift Specific—

ONE CURE FOR BLOOD POISON.

Beware of the Doctors' Patchwork; You Can Cure Yourself at Home.

There is not the slightest doubt that the doctors do more harm than good in treating Contagious Blood Poison; many victims of this loathsome disease would be much better off to-day if they had never allowed themselves to be dosed on mercury and potash, the only remedies which the doctors ever give for blood poison.

The doctors are wholly unable to get rid of this vile poison, and only attempt to heal up the outward appearance of the disease—the sores and eruptions. They endeavor to keep it shut in with their constant doses of potash and mercury. The mouth and throat and other delicate parts then break out into sores, and the fight is continued indefinitely, the drugs doing the system more damage than the disease itself.

Mr. H. L. Myers, 100 Mulberry St., Newark, N. J., says: "I had spent a hundred dollars with the doctors, when I realized that they could do me no good. I had large spots all over my body, and these soon broke out into running sores, and I endured all the suffering which this vile disease produces. I decided to try S. S. S. as a last resort, and was soon greatly improved. I followed closely your 'Directions for Self-Treatment,' and the large blotches on my chest began to grow paler and smaller, and before long disappeared entirely. I was soon cured perfectly and my skin has been as clear as glass ever since. I cured myself at home after the doctors had failed completely."

It is valuable time thrown away to expect the doctors to cure Contagious Blood Poison, for the disease is beyond their skill. Swift Specific—

ONE CURE FOR BLOOD POISON.

Beware of the Doctors' Patchwork; You Can Cure Yourself at Home.

There is not the slightest doubt that the doctors do more harm than good in treating Contagious Blood Poison; many victims of this loathsome disease would be much better off to-day if they had never allowed themselves to be dosed on mercury and potash, the only remedies which the doctors ever give for blood poison.

The doctors are wholly unable to get rid of this vile poison, and only attempt to heal up the outward appearance of the disease—the sores and eruptions. They endeavor to keep it shut in with their constant doses of potash and mercury. The mouth and throat and other delicate parts then break out into sores, and the fight is continued indefinitely, the drugs doing the system more damage than the disease itself.

Mr. H. L. Myers, 100 Mulberry St., Newark, N. J., says: "I had spent a hundred dollars with the doctors, when I realized that they could do me no good. I had large spots all over my body, and these soon broke out into running sores, and I endured all the suffering which this vile disease produces. I decided to try S. S. S. as a last resort, and was soon greatly improved. I followed closely your 'Directions for Self-Treatment,' and the large blotches on my chest began to grow paler and smaller, and before long disappeared entirely. I was soon cured perfectly and my skin has been as clear as glass ever since. I cured myself at home after the doctors had failed completely."

It is valuable time thrown away to expect the doctors to cure Contagious Blood Poison, for the disease is beyond their skill. Swift Specific—

ONE CURE FOR BLOOD POISON.

Beware of the Doctors' Patchwork; You Can Cure Yourself at Home.

There is not the slightest doubt that the doctors do more harm than good in treating Contagious Blood Poison; many victims of this loathsome disease would be much better off to-day if they had never allowed themselves to be dosed on mercury and potash, the only remedies which the doctors ever give for blood poison.

The doctors are wholly unable to get rid of this vile poison, and only attempt to heal up the outward appearance of the disease—the sores and eruptions. They endeavor to keep it shut in with their constant doses of potash and mercury. The mouth and throat and other delicate parts then break out into sores, and the fight is continued indefinitely, the drugs doing the system more damage than the disease itself.

Mr. H. L. Myers, 100 Mulberry St., Newark, N. J., says: "I had spent a hundred dollars with the doctors, when I realized that they could do me no good. I had large spots all over my body, and these soon broke out into running sores, and I endured all the suffering which this vile disease produces. I decided to try S. S. S. as a last resort, and was soon greatly improved. I followed closely your 'Directions for Self-Treatment,' and the large blotches on my chest began to grow paler and smaller, and before long disappeared entirely. I was soon cured perfectly and my skin has been as clear as glass ever since. I cured myself at home after the doctors had failed completely."

exhibition next year—are the Royal Gardens, at Kew, near London. This is a place where the ornamental merges into the useful. About 20,000 species and distinct varieties of plants are cultivated, of which over 2,000 are trees and hardy shrubs that furnish specimens for the chief woods and arboreal produce of commerce.

OLD ENGLISH GARDENS.

Old English gardens were patterned after designs from ancient Kew. These antiquated gardens breathed of olden charm and mystic lore. The hedges were of yew, and the trees and shrubs of boxwood were clipped into shapes of men and animals, and even of sylvan deities. It was from these home gardens of old English gardeners that the Colonial gardens of the early Virginia settlers were fashioned. Who does not remember having seen traces of their ancient beauty and sweetness?

"The garden was a garden of vegetables and flowers as well. The 'patches' were framed with the evergreen privet of early snowy blossoms, the pink 'flower-and-almond,' and the yellow-twigged Scotch broom, all hardy shrubs of old lineage.

It was a spot where snowballs, hollyhocks, bluebells, larkspur, and all the old-time flowers bloomed in sociable nearness to each other, and to the growing beds of peas, potatoes, onions, and cabbages. The front yard was a garden of flowers with a little difference. The front yard was woman's 'sphere.' By common consent she reigned queen here, and might dig and plant and reign to her heart's content without man's interference.

The flowers she nurtured were like the people of their age, simple and honest, and, perhaps, severe. The stately sunflower, the fierce tiger lily, the proud peony, and the waxen lady-lipper were all counterparts of the people who moved among them.

The old-fashioned flowers of garden and 'front-yard' have been modernized, and the old-fashioned woman has gone with them. The front yard is now a garden of flowers with a little difference. The front yard is now woman's 'sphere.' By common consent she reigned queen here, and might dig and plant and reign to her heart's content without man's interference.

"She used to be shut off from the broad acres of the farm," says Sara Jewett, "and had no voice in the world's politics; she must stay in the house, and could only stay out of doors in this corner of land where she was queen. The whole world is woman's 'front-yard' nowadays." And I vaguely wonder if she is still shut in the house, and could only stay out of doors in this corner of land where she was queen. The whole world is woman's 'front-yard' nowadays.

And I vaguely wonder if she is still shut in the house, and could only stay out of doors in this corner of land where she was queen. The whole world is woman's 'front-yard' nowadays.

And I vaguely wonder if she is still shut in the house, and could only stay out of doors in this corner of land where she was queen. The whole world is woman's 'front-yard' nowadays.

And I vaguely wonder if she is still shut in the house, and could only stay out of doors in this corner of land where she was queen. The whole world is woman's 'front-yard' nowadays.

And I vaguely wonder if she is still shut in the house, and could only stay out of doors in this corner of land where she was queen. The whole world is woman's 'front-yard' nowadays.

And I vaguely wonder if she is still shut in the house, and could only stay out of doors in this corner of land where she was queen. The whole world is woman's 'front-yard' nowadays.

And I vaguely wonder if she is still shut in the house, and could only stay out of doors in this corner of land where she was queen. The whole world is woman's 'front-yard' nowadays.

And I vaguely wonder if she is still shut in the house, and could only stay out of doors in this corner of land where she was queen. The whole world is woman's 'front-yard' nowadays.

And I vaguely wonder if she is still shut in the house, and could only stay out of doors in this corner of land where she was queen. The whole world is woman's 'front-yard' nowadays.

And I vaguely wonder if she is still shut in the house, and could only stay out of doors in this corner of land where she was queen. The whole world is woman's 'front-yard' nowadays.